

HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE.

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR, NISI AESCONDI."

BY THOS. A. FALCONER.

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HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE

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Counsels to the Young.

BY HORACE GREELY.

Three millions of youth, between the ages of six and of twenty-one, now rapidly coming forward, to take rank as the future husbands and fathers, legislators and divines, instructors and governors, politicians and voters, capitalists and laborers, artisans and cultivators, of this vast country, whose destinies are even yet so faintly imagined, much less developed. Not one so humble that he will not certainly exert an influence—it may be an immense and imperishable influence on the happiness and elevation of his country and his race. The humblest cottage maiden, now toiling thanklessly as the household servant of some proud family by whom she is regarded as nobody, may yet be the mother of a future President—or nobler still, or some inspiring but God-directed man, who as a teacher of righteousness, an ameliorator of human suffering, a successful reprover of wrong, sensuality, of selfishness, may leave his impress on the annals of the world as a lover and server of his race. Nearly all our new eminent men, politically—Jackson, Clay, Van Buren, etc.—were not merely of poor and humble parentage, but left orphans in early life, and thus deprived of the support and counsel which seems most eminently necessary to success in the world's rugged ways.

In the higher walks of genuine usefulness, the proportion of those enjoying no advantages of family influence or hereditary wealth, who attain the loftiest eminence, is very great. Call to mind the first twenty names that occur to you of men distinguished for ability, energy, philanthropy, or lofty achievement, and generally three-fourths of them will be those of men born in obscurity and dependence.

All literature is full of anecdotes illustrative of these encouraging truths: a single fact now occurs to me which I have never seen recorded; I have often worshipped in a Baptist meeting house in Vermont, whereon at its construction some thirty years since a studious and exemplary young man was for some time employed as a carpenter, who afterward qualified himself and entered upon the responsibilities of the Christian ministry. That young man was Jared Sparks, since editor of North American Review, of Washington's voluminous writings, &c. and now recognized as one of the foremost scholars, historians, and critics in America.

I propose here to set forth a few important maxims for the guidance and encouragement of those youth who will hearken to me—maxims based on my own immature experience and observation, but which have doubtless in substance been propounded and enforced by older and wiser men long ago and often. Still as they do not yet appear to have exerted their full and proper effect on the ripening intellect of the country—as thousands are toilsomely, painfully struggling forward in the race for position and knowledge, in palpable defiance of their scope and spirit—I will hope that their presentation at this time cannot be without some effect on at least a few expanding minds. They are as follows:

1. Avoid the common error of esteeming a college education necessary to usefulness or eminence in life. Such an education may be desirable and beneficial—to many it doubtless is so. But Greek and Latin are not real knowledge; they are only means of acquiring such knowledge, there have been great and wise, and surpassing useful men in all ages who knew no language but their mother tongue. Besides, in our day the treasures of ancient and contemporary foreign literature are brought home to every man's door by translations, which embody the substance of the originals, and do not exhibit all the beauties of the originals. If your circumstances in life enable you to enjoy the advantages of a college education do not neglect them—above all do not misimprove them. But, if your lot be different, waste no time in idle repining, in humiliating beggary. The stern, self-respecting independence of your own soul is worth whole shelves of classics. All men cannot and need not be college bred—not even those who are born to instruct and improve their kind. You can never be justly deemed ignorant, or your acquirements contemptible, if you embrace and fully improve the opportunities which are fairly offered you.

2. Avoid likewise the kindred and equally pernicious error that you must have a profession—must be a clergyman, lawyer, doctor, or some thing of the sort—in order to be influential, useful, respected—or to

state the case in its best aspect, that you may lead an intellectual life. Nothing of the kind is necessary—very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual—if you love knowledge, wisdom, virtue, for themselves—you will grow in them, whether you earn your bread by a profession, a trade, or by tilling the ground. Nay, it may be doubted whether the farmer or mechanic who devotes his leisure hours to intellectual pursuits from a pure love of them has not some advantages, therein over the professional man. He comes to his book at evening with his head clear and his mental appetite sharpened by the manual labors, taxing highly the spirit or brain; while the lawyer, who has been running over dry old books for precedents, the doctor, who has been racking his wits for a remedy adapted to some new modification of disease, or the divine who, immured in his closet, has been busy preparing his next sermon, may well approach the evening volume with senses jaded and pulled. There are few men, and perhaps fewer women, who do not spend uselessly in sleep, or play, or frivolous employments, more time than would be required to render them at thirty well versed in history, philosophy, ethics, as well as physical sciences, &c.

3. Neither is an advantageous location essential to the prosecution of ennobling studies, or to an intellectual life; on this point apprehension is very prevalent and very pernicious. A youth born in some rural or but thinly settled district, where books are few and unfit, and the means of intellectual culture apparently scanty, feels within him the stirrings of a spirit of inquiry, a craving to acquire and to know aspirations for an intellectual condition above the dead level around him. At once he jumps to the conclusion that a change of place is necessary to the satisfaction of his desires—that he must resort, if not to the university or the seminary, at least to the city or the village. He fancies he must alter his whole manner of life—that a persistence in manual labor is unsuited to, if not absolutely inconsistent with, the aspirations awakened within him—that he must become, if not an author, a professor, a lawyer, at least a merchant or follower of some calling unlike that of his fathers.

Wrapped in this delusion, he betakes himself to the city's dusty ways, where sooner or later the nature and extent of his mistake breaks upon him. If he finds satisfactory employment and is prospered in the way of life which he prefers, the cares and demands of business almost constrain him to relinquish those pursuits for which he abandoned his more quiet and natural. If he is less fortunate, anxieties for the morrow, a constant and difficult struggle for the means of creditable subsistence and to avoid becoming a burden or a detriment to others who have trusted or endeavored to sustain him, these crowd out of being the thought of the hope of mental culture and advancement. Nay, more, and are worse—in the tumultuous strife of business and money-getting, whether successful or otherwise, the very desire of intellectual elevation is too often stifled or greatly enfeebled, and that death of the soul ensues, in which the satisfaction of the physical appetite becomes the aim of life—the man is sunk in the capitalist or trader, and the gathering of shining dust made the great end of his being.

But what shall the youth do who finds his means of intellectual culture inadequate to his wants? I hesitate not to say that he should create more and better just where he is. Not that I would have him reject any real opportunity or proffer of increased facilities which may open before him. I will not say that he should not accept a university education, the means of studying for a profession, if such should come fairly in his way, and be seconded by his own inclination. But I do insist that nothing of this sort is essential to the great end he has or should have in view—namely, self-culture. To this end it is only needful that he should put forth fully the powers within him and rightly mould the circumstances by which he is surrounded. Are the books within reach few and faulty? Let him purchase a few of the very best, and study them intently and thoroughly. He who is truly acquainted with the writings of a few of the world's master-spirits can never after be deemed ignorant or undeveloped. To know intimately the Bible and Shakespeare, and the elements of history and the physical sciences, is to have imbibed the substance of all human knowledge. That knowledge may be presented in a thousand varied, graceful and attractive forms, and the variations may be highly agreeable and useful—nay, they are so. But, though they may improve, refine and fertilize, (so to speak) they do not make the man. If he has the elements within him, no further hour of solitude can be lonely, or tiresome, or profitless. The mild moon and the calm high stars are companionship and instruction, eloquent, of deep significance, and more impressive than the profoundest volumes.

But grant that greater or more varied means of culture than the individual's narrow means can supply are desirable, has he not still modes of procuring them? Is he solitary, and our goodly land his Isle of Juan Fernandez? Are there not others all around him, if not already of kindred aspirations who may be awakened? May he not gather around him in the rudest township or vicinity some dozen or more of young men in whom the celestial spark, if not already glowing, may be kindled to

warmth and radiance? And by the union of these, may not all their mutual mental wants be abundantly supplied?

And herein is found one of the pervading advantages of the cause I would commend. The awakened youth who has withdrawn to the seclusion of the city may have secured his own advancement; but he who has remained constant to his childhood's home, its duties and associates, will probably have attracted others to enter with him on the true pathway of life. The good thus accomplished, may not measure. Doubtless many a village lyceum, many a township library, owes its existence to the impulse given by some poor and humble youth inspired by the love of knowledge and wisdom.

IV. The great central truth which I would impress on the mind of my readers is this—premising a genuine energy and singleness of purpose—the circumstances are nothing, the man is all. We may be slaves or toys of circumstance if we will; most men perhaps are so; and to these all circumstances are alike evil—that is rendered so if not by rugged difficulty, then by soft temptation. But man who truly ruleth his own spirit, such there is, even among us, readily defies all material influences or bends to his will. Be hopeful, be confident, then, O friend! if thou hast achieved this great conquest, and believe that all else shall follow in due season.

From the New York Express
"NEVER SAY DIE."

Whigs don't be disheartened. We have seen darker days than these,—many and many of them, and the darkest time of day is at the gray of the morning, just before the east is tinged with the bright rays of the rising sun. The enemy just now are flushed with victory. Their sun is rising, has risen, and it must set. We have had our day,—they have had theirs, and in the fortunes of war, it is our turn next. We bide our time with patience and resignation, but with no feeling of despair. It is the gloomy day in our onward march. We are besieged, but the citadels, as yet, are not taken. Outposts have surrendered, but the standard of the Whig party, and the nation, yet floats from a thousand towers.

"Though torn yet flying
It streams like thunder-storm against the wind."

Star upon star may have been blotted out, but there are stars and stars left, and the ground work is as whole and capable of being made as pure as it was by the whigs of the revolution. It is the glory of the brave man to redeem what is lost. In the spirit of a stout heart and a good defence, there is no occasion for despondency. Our motto is that of poor Banaby's Raven,—"Never say die!"—but if there are old whigs who had rather die than surrender, let them like the brave "Old Guard" of Napoleon, fight in the vigor and spirit of their love of liberty, caring more for triumph than for life. But to them, and above all to the young men, we say in preference, never say die. Never say fail. "In the Lexicon of youth which fate has reserved! for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail." "If we fail?" we hear propounded to us from some desponding whig—"But screw up your courage to the sticking point and we'll not fail!" Further gone than this disheartened brother, we hear another cry; "I am weary of the fight,—we have failed,"—and if we have, what then? What does the man do, who fails in business? Does he fold his arms and play the sluggard, or does he with double forethought and ten-fold enterprise start life anew. Is there no life but the present and the past,—no hope strong enough to build a faith upon by works which works never yet, in a good cause and a right spirit, made a man fail, in any enterprise.

We are talking to the whigs now—men of warm hearts and hearty impulses—men who love whig principles, whig measures, and whig men. We have no words to waste upon your cold Stoics, who blow hot and blow cold, and are shifted about by every passing breeze. Such men are as icy as December, and a man whose heart is really a living soul, kept warm by the fires of truth and patriotism, chills to freezing by gazing upon a block of frozen water. We know there are scores of men in the whig ranks, the very touch of whose flesh is like claspings of the frosty iron upon a winter's morning. Such have but half a life, and that poor half gives signs of vitality only once in half a score of years. The fires of 1840, which nothing could quench, reached in the general conflagration their hearts, but they went out like a taper after shedding a ray of light. Your true philosopher who has a heart to feel and a head clear enough to understand, may be reason'd with, but never, never your cold, plodding, half alive man, who sees every thing as it were, through a glass darkly.

We appeal to the active, thinking, public spirited whigs,—those who truly love the principles they profess, and who believe, as we do, that their success can only give peace to the People and prosperity to the country. From none others can we expect enthusiasm of feeling or action. But there are members enough in the great whig party of the Union who must feel that there is abundant occasion, and that this is the time to stop the enemy, now so successfully on the march. Locofocoism is now the monster it ever was. It is, this day, wherever it is uppermost, sapping the foundation of public liberty and

public virtue. It is wicked in its temper, destructive in its action, ruinous in its results. What is pure and of good report, it degrades. What is high and exalted, it pulls down and levels. What is permanent and safe, it vitiates and changes. It is agrarian in its nature, and man, nor government, nor business, can any more prosper when such a faith becomes a practical, living creed among men, than can virtue and goodness flourish in the midst of error and wickedness. Political heresies of themselves are bad enough when taught to the few, but when, like a contagious disease, so propagated as to be incorporated into the body politic, they are to be shunned as a moral pestilence.

Holding, honestly holding, such opinions of a successful adverse party, we need give no other reason for any timely appeals we may offer to the Whigs of the Union, to throw off their long continued sluggishness, and instead of it, put on the armour of battle. We use the language of the field of strife, not forgetting, that it is a moral and physical victory we are striving for. We are for achieving by fair means a conquest over a foe whose principles, in our view, are but little less destructive in their tendency than were the principles of the Tories of the Revolution. There are as bad men in power now, as there were when the Whigs of the Revolution were in service. There are measures, if not as bad, the tendency of which is the same. Public liberty is endangered by usurpation. Public purity is of too pure a germ to flourish when the tree is corrupt. The central Administration of every one knows, is not what it should be. More, it is profligate—it is corrupt. It sells offices,—it buys support in exchange for patronage. It seeks to sustain itself by corrupt means. It is the bane of freedom. If you support it you must support it as a slave. If you resist it, you are cast out as a dog. You must wear the collar and kiss the hand that has betrayed you and your party. In resisting such administration, every day becoming more corrupt, we do but resist evil, and in such a contest there can in honor be nothing like a feeling of despair. The treachery of the man, we elected, we are sure, will whet the appetites of the Whigs, and the unholy alliance between the Executive and Locofocoism will not blunt it. Here is something to keep us alive, and Heaven knows, there is enough in reason without this, to make us earnest, active, vigilant, successful. Whigs, arouse, then, from your stupor. Old Massachusetts is left, New York is left, New Jersey is true as steel. Where Monmouth and Trenton, and Princeton are, there Whigs will ever be. The Green Mountain Boys, the brothers of Stark and Allen are as free as the air upon their native hills. While Lexington and Bunker Hill remain within the borders of the old Commonwealth, Massachusetts can never be other than a free Whig State. There is old Kentucky, too, long known as the dark and bloody ground. She is all over Whig. The rip Van Winkle Whigs of the old North State, if sleeping, are not dead. Nor have of late lost any thing in Indiana, Louisiana, nor for that matter in Georgia. Tennessee remains to prove recreant. She is not so yet. Delaware though small in size, is great in deeds. Connecticut is forsaking her idols and fleeing from her sins. In R. Island there is no foothold for treason, nor any of the enemies of the Government. Cheerily, O then. Where there is such a capital to work upon there should be neither heavy hearts nor flagging spirits. We have a warm, lively faith in the Empire State. She is alone and of herself, unseduced and unfettered; and these days, dark as they are,—with Maryland gone, and Georgia gone, and Ohio gone—are bright as noon day compared with the gloom which rested upon us a few years since. If we triumphed in the darkest hour of political adversity, surely we may when we are within reach of the goal we seek for. Whigs, we repeat, in such a contest never despair. Be of one heart and of one mind,—of one faith and of one action. Never despair,—never say die.

Is the land of our fathers loved?
The freedom which they fought to win?
Is this the soil they trod upon?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are we the sons by whom are borne
The mantle which the dead have worn?
And shall we crouch above their graves,
With craven soul and fettered lip,
Yoked with marked and branded slaves,
And tremble at the Master's whip?
By their enlarging souls which burst
The band and fetters round them set;
By the free pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms yet!—
By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer—NO!

Pickled Eggs.—An industrious farmer's wife, residing at Shipden, near Andover, among a variety of other pickles which she annually introduces into her store, preserves pickled eggs. The process she uses in curing them is very simple.—When she has a large stock of eggs on hand, she boils some six or seven dozen till they become hard. She then divides them of the shell, and puts them into large jars, pouring upon them scalding vinegar, saturated with ginger, garlic, whole pepper and allspice. This is an admirable aid to cold meat, and is, in the winter months, regarded as a perfect farm house luxury.

A Locofoco's Opinion of his own Party.—The Nantucket Islander is one of the most racy papers in Massachusetts, and is conducted with much tact and ability. Besides this, Haswell is an out and out locofoco—he stands right up to the mark, and openly avows his opinion of the party, and as he has had good opportunity of judging, and as his opinion tallies exactly with their actions, we think it must be correct, as he is lauded in the locofoco papers as "one of the most able and energetic writers connected with the press."—Boston Daily American.

"With a few highly honorable exceptions, the leaders of the Democratic party are among the most contemptible of created creatures, actual liars on humanity and political blasphemers against the dignity of Heaven. With the words of freedom forever on their lips, they never let slip an opportunity of showing that their service is lip service; and to their eternal disgrace be it said, the Democratic party seldom fail to applaud and uphold all such manifestations of an utter want of deep seated principles."

HARD MONEY—FREE TRADE.

These are the doctrines of the party, say or think as individuals may.

It is avowed by all the leading locofoco journals of the South, and the New York Evening Post, confessedly the organ of the North, says this is to be the issue. We want no dodging, it declares.—There must be no half-and-half men—part Tariff—For Banks—and against Banks—Free Trade and Hard Money are the issues, and we must meet them like men.

Hard money, then, is to be the doctrine! And if so, where shall we be? What can we do? Look at facts. The entire amount of specie in the world is estimated at eighteen hundred millions; our population amounts only to the one fiftieth part of the whole world; and our proportion of this specie would only be thirty six millions. Is this enough to answer business purposes? Can we get along with it?

We know, from facts which are familiar to all, that the present business of the country cannot be carried on for want of a currency. A paralysis now exists. Yet, though approaching the specie basis, we have not reached the point; there is still paper afloat. Cause that paper to be taken in, and what then would be the position of the country? It must be prostrated. Its energies, its enterprises, its property of all kinds, wages, the capital of labor, and the source of the nation's wealth—all—all must fall, and every thing go down with it. Who is prepared for this state of things? Who wants it? Who does not see that it must end in the establishment of a mounted aristocracy—in the oppression of the many socially, and the elevation of the few? Hard-money is a tyrant's weapon, and, if we are brought down to it, it will be wielded upon the masses, and against the masses, with a tyrant's power.

"The Free trade and Hard-money policy will shake society to its centre," says the Post. Aye, so it will, and well shall it be for us, if we can arrest its progress, ere it can get foot hold in our land.—Cin. Gaz.

To Housewives.—Recent experiments in more than one family in this city, have established that the plant known to botanists as the Polygonum punctatum, commonly called water pepper or smart weed, and which way be found in great abundance along ditches, roads, lanes and barn yards, is an effectual and certain destroyer of the bed-bug. It is said to exercise the same poisonous effect on the flea. A strong decoction is made of the herb, and the places infested with the insect are carefully washed therewith. The plant may also, with much advantage, be strewn about the room. Elderberry leaves, laid upon the shelves of a cupboard, will also drive away roaches and in a very short time.—Del. Gaz.

MR. CLAY'S PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Never did a prophet more clearly predict events not transpired and to come, than did Mr. Clay, when in 1835, in a public speech, he spoke as follows of the certain consequences resulting from a destruction of the Bank of the United States. Mr. Clay said:

"There being no longer any sentinel at the head of our banking establishments, to warn them by its information and operations, of approaching danger, the local institutions, already multiplied to an alarming extent, and almost daily multiplying in seasons of prosperity, will make free and unrestrained emissions. All the channels of circulation will be gorged. Property will rise extravagantly high; and constantly looking up, the temptation to purchase will be irresistible. Inordinate speculation will ensue, debts will be freely contracted, and when the season of adversity comes, as come it must, the banks, acting without concert and without guide, obeying the law of self preservation, will at the same time call in their issues; the vast number will exaggerate the alarm, and general distress, wide spread ruin, and an explosion of the whole banking system or the establishment of a new Bank of the United States, will be the ultimate effects."

Who does not feel, in his very aching bones, a most literal fulfilment of this great statesman's prophecy?—Memp. Eagle.

A Locofoco's Opinion of his own Party.—The Nantucket Islander is one of the most racy papers in Massachusetts, and is conducted with much tact and ability. Besides this, Haswell is an out and out locofoco—he stands right up to the mark, and openly avows his opinion of the party, and as he has had good opportunity of judging, and as his opinion tallies exactly with their actions, we think it must be correct, as he is lauded in the locofoco papers as "one of the most able and energetic writers connected with the press."—Boston Daily American.

A Singular case.—The last Boston Medical & Surgical Journal contains a wonderful account of an examination of the heart of a living person, through the cavity of the chest, by William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The subject was a young man 19 years of age, who when a child, suffered from a fracture of the ribs, which ulcerated, and finally healed up, leaving the aperture open. Over the hole a small plate was worn to preserve the parts from injury. The heart and ventricles were handled by Harvey, and without pain to the subject; whence he concluded that the heart is deprived of the sense of feeling.

[Balt. Sun.]

To CURK SHEEPSKINS WITH THE WOOL ON.—Take a spoonful of alum and two of saltpetre; pulverize and mix well together, then sprinkle the powder on the flesh side of the skin, and lay the two flesh sides together, leaving the wool outside. Then fold up the whole skin as tight as you can and hang it in a dry place, in two or three days, as soon as dry, take down, and scrape with a blunt knife till clean and supple.—This completes the process, and makes you a most excellent saddle-cover. If when you kill your mutton you treat the skins in this way, you can get more for them from the saddlers than you can for the wool and skin separately disposed of otherwise.

N. B.—Other skins which you desire to cure with the fur or hair on, may be treated in the same way.—S. W. Farmer.

A HARD HIT.—During the discussion, in the Senate, of the tariff bill, (now the law of the land,) Mr. Calhoun indulged in a very fierce and harsh denunciation of the bill, calling it a measure of oppression, of abominations, of plunder, and all sorts of odious names. And, to illustrate and show the enormity of the bill, he said, just take the duty on rolled iron, on which the farmer will be obliged to pay \$25 per ton!

Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, answered Mr. Calhoun, and said the duty on rolled iron is not as high in this bill as it was under the bill of 1828, which imposed a duty of \$35 per ton. The duty on rolled iron is not as high in this bill as the tariff of 1816, which Mr. Calhoun advocated and voted for. This bill only imposes a duty of \$25 per ton on rolled iron, and Mr. Calhoun's tariff bill of 1816, which made him so popular in Pennsylvania, imposed a duty of \$30 per ton on rolled iron; that was \$5 higher in the ton than in this bill, which was now so much denounced by Mr. Calhoun.

Raleigh Register.

Oh! no; the Whigs need not ask us to forget their hapless worship of "that same old coon," for we intend to "keep it before the people."—Cin. Eng.

Never mind. Before the last day of the year 1844 we shall make you so sick of "that same old coon" that the very sight of one will throw you into the most perilous convulsions.—Lou. Jour.

We predict that in less than six months, Mr. Calhoun will be read out of the Democratic ranks by the regency party if the ability is possessed to do it.—Madisonian.

A "consummation" we venture to say, very "devoutly wished" for by the leaders here. Why? He stands in the way of him on whose ticket James K. Polk fondly hopes for a Vice Presidential nomination. It has long been manifest that Mr. Calhoun cannot have fair play in Tennessee—James K. Polk has thoroughly arranged for that.

Nashville Banner.

SPEEDY CURE FOR A FOUNDERED HORSE.

I send you the following prescription, which you may give a place in your useful paper, if you think it will be of any advantage to planters and travellers.

As soon as you find your horse is foundered bleed him in the neck in proportion to the greatness of the founder. In extreme cases, you may bleed him as long as he can stand up. Then draw his head up, as common in drenching, and with a spoon put far back on his tongue strong salt, until you get him to swallow one pint. Be careful not to let him drink too much. Then anoint round the edges of his hoofs with spirits of turpentine, and your horse will be well in one hour.

A founder pervades every part of the system of a horse. The phlegms arrest it from the blood; the salt arrests it from the stomach and bowels; and the spirits arrest it from the feet and limbs.

I once rode a hired horse 99 miles in two days, returning him at night the second day; and his owner would not have known that he had been foundered if I had not told him, and his founder was one of the deepest kind.

I once, in a travel of 700 miles, foundered my horse three times, and I do not think that my journey was retarded more than one day by the misfortune, having in all the cases observed and practised the above prescription. I have known a foundered horse turned in at night on green feed; in the morning he would be well, having been purged by the green feed. All founders must be attended to immediately.

Southwestern Farmer.